



T H E  
RULING PASSION.







T H E  
RULING PASSION:

An occasional Poem.

WRITTEN BY THE APPOINTMENT OF THE  
SOCIETY OF THE

Φ B K,

AND SPOKEN, ON THEIR ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE

Chapel of the University, *Cambridge,*

JULY 20, 1797.

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BY THOMAS PAINE, A. M. *Political Writer.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

AS some apology for the desultory construction of the following Poem, the candid reader is informed, that it was written, *calamo currente*, in moments occasionally sequestered from other concerns—in a period, too limited to harmonize its outlines, too interrupted to mature its materials. The flattering avidity with which the subscriptions were filled, necessitated its immediate publication ; and it now issues from the press, in the same form in which it was spoken.





T H E  
RULING PASSION.

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RANGE we through Nature's social walks, to scan  
That little world, that greater wonder, MAN. (1)  
The sage's study, which but few improve ;  
Religion's mystery, which none remove ;  
Reason's proud toy, in his machine unite  
Powers, dense as earth—conceptions, rare as light ;  
Its wheels more complex, than the central sphere,  
Which guides a comet, while it moulds a tear ;  
Its springs more subtle, than the secret soul,  
Which bids a world cohere, an atom roll.

Lefs by himfelf, than others, underftood ;  
More led by fenfe, yet more with mind endued ;  
His nature oftener fets our world at odds,  
Than JOVE, in OVID'S "*Green-Room*" of the gods. <sup>(2)</sup>

Since, then, the wifeft are as dull as we,  
In one grave maxim let us all agree—  
NATURE ne'er *meant* her fecrets fhould be found,  
*And Man's a riddle, which Man can't expound !*

Then let us fhun the rapt feer's loftier flight,  
For paths, more pervious to our ken of fight ;  
Vain were our pride, like ICARUS of yore,  
In realms of fire, on wings of wax, to foar ;  
Ours be the Mufe, who humbler trafts effays,  
Descends from *theory*—and *life* portrays.  
On what MAN IS, the fchools may difagree,  
We only know him, as he SEEMS TO BE.



## THE RULING PASSION.

7

In beings, form'd their own pursuits to guide,  
No wonder moves it, and excites no pride,  
When bards, less curious than LAVATER, find  
Some spring of action ruling every mind.

Like EGYPT's gods, Man's various passions sway ;  
Some prowl the earth, and some ascend the day :  
This charms the fancy, that the palate feasts—  
A motley PANTHEON of birds and beasts ! (3)

Were the wild brood, who dwell in glade and brake,  
Some kindred character of Man to take ;  
In the base JACKALL's, or gay LEOPARD's mien,  
The fervile *pimp*, or gay *coquette*, were seen ;  
The patient CAMEL, long inur'd to dine  
But once a *fortnight*, would a *poet* shine ;  
The STAG, a *cit*—with antler'd brows content ;  
The RAKE, a *pointer*—always on the scent ;

The SNAKE, a *statesman* ; and the WIT, a *gnat* ;  
The ASS, an *alderman* ; the *scold*, a CAT ;  
The WIFE, a *ring-dove*—on the myrtle's top ;  
The WOLF, a *lawyer* ; the BABOON, a *fop* !

Life is a print-shop, where the eye may trace  
A different outline, mark'd in every face ;  
From chiefs, who laurels reap in fields of blood,  
Down to the hind, who tills those fields for food ;  
From the lorn nymph, in cloister'd abbey pent,  
Whose friars teach to love, and to repent ;  
To the young captive in the HARAM's bower,  
Blest for a night, and empress of an hour ;  
From ink's retailers, perch'd in *garret* high,  
Cobweb'd around with many a mouldy lie ;  
Down to the pauper's brat, who, luckless wight !  
Deep in the *cellar* first receiv'd the light ;  
All, all impell'd—as various passions move,  
To write, to starve—to conquer, or to love !



All join to shift life's versicolor'd scenes,  
Priests, poets, fiddlers—courtesans and queens :  
And be it pride, or dress, or wealth, or fame,  
The acting principle is ne'er the same.  
Each takes a different rout, o'er hill, or vale,  
The tangled forest, or the greenward dale.  
But they, who chiefly crowd the field, are those,  
Who live by fashion—CONSTABLES and BEAUS.  
The first, I ween, are men of high report,  
The LAW's *staff*-officers, and known at court.  
The last, sweet elves, whose rival graces vie,  
To wield the snuff-box, or enact a sigh,  
To Fashion's *gossamer* their lives devote,  
The frize, the cane, the cravat and the coat.  
In taste unpolish'd, yet in *ton* precise,  
They sleep at theatres, and wake at dice ;  
While, like the pilgrim's scrip, or soldier's pack,  
They carry all their fortune on their back.

**B**

From FOPS, we turn to PEDANTS—deep and dull ;  
Grave, without sense ; *o'erflowing, yet not full.* (4)  
See, the lank BOOK-WORM, pil'd with lumbering lore,  
Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek fourscore,  
With toil incessant, *thumbs* the ancient page,  
Now *blots* a hero, now *turns down* a sage !  
O'er learning's field, with leaden eye he strays,  
Mid busts of fame, and monuments of praise.  
With Gothic foot, he treads on *flowers* of taste,  
Yet stoops to pick the *pebbles* from the waste.  
Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short  
Were ÆSOP's legs—how large was TULLY's wart ; (5)  
And, scal'd by GUNTER, marks, with joy absurd,  
The cut of HOMER's cloak, and EUCLID's beard !

Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night,  
This learned ploughman plods in piteous plight ;  
Till the dim taper takes French leave to doze,  
And the fat folio tumbles on his toes.



Born in the fens of dulness, dank and mute,  
Where lynx might sleep, and half-starv'd owlet hoot ;  
With head of adamant, and nerves of steel ;  
Without or pulse to throb, or soul to feel ;  
Not WARREN's glory could one bliss supply,  
Nor TRENCK's captivity excite a sigh.  
Should Beauty's queen, in all her charms disclos'd,  
As when to PARIS' wondering eyes expos'd,  
She loos'd her cæstus, and unyok'd her doves,  
And stood unveil'd mid IDA's conscious groves ;  
Attempt, with loveliest attitude of art,  
To warm the polar current of his heart ;  
Vain were the toil, as ALEXANDER's plan,  
To carve mount *Athos* to the form of man !

Next in the group, a LOVE-LORN MAID we trace,  
Whose heart was virtue, and whose form is grace.  
In life's gay prime, when passion, pure as truth,  
Bids the blood frolic through the veins of youth ;

The plighted vow her easy ear receiv'd,  
The proffer'd faith her glowing heart believ'd.  
Artless herself, she thought the world so too,  
Nor fear'd those vices, which she never knew.  
Ill-fated girl, thy erring steps declare,  
*Truth should suspect, and innocence beware !*

Ere, ripe for bliss, consenting hearts unite ;  
Ere retrospection chill the young delight ;  
The airy web of fancy's dreams to prove,  
Unbind the *bandeau* from the brow of LOVE !

Sad be the hour, in memory's page forlorn ;  
The cypress shade it, and the willow mourn ;  
When the fond maid, subdued in reason's trance,  
Child of Desire, and pupil of Romance,  
Beneath the pensile palm, or aloed grove,  
Like CLEOPATRA, yields the world for love.



Poor is the trophy of seductive art,  
Which, but to triumph, subjugates the heart ;  
Or, TARQUIN-like, with more licentious flame,  
Stains manly truth to plunder female fame.  
Life's deepest penance never can atone,  
For hope deluded, or for virtue flown.  
Yet such there are, whose smooth, perfidious smile  
Might cheat the tempting crocodile in guile.  
Thorns be their pillow ; agony their sleep ;  
Nor e'en the mercy given, to "*wake and weep !*"  
May screaming night-fiends, hot in recreant gore,  
Rive their strain'd fibres to their heart's rank core,  
Till startled conscience heap, in wild dismay,  
Convulsive curses on the source of day !

But, see, what form, so sprig'd, behoop'd, and fleck,  
With modern head-dress on a block antique,  
Trips through the crowd, and, ogling all who pass,  
Stares most demurely, through an *Op'ra glass !*

Sunk in the wane, she courts the gay parade ;  
A belle of PLATO's age—a sweet OLD MAID.  
While *liv'd* her beauty, (for 'tis now a *ghost*!)  
The fair one's envy, and the fopling's toast,  
What slaughter'd hearts by her fierce eye-beams fell,  
Let fiction's brokers—bards and tombstones, tell.  
Fled are the charms, which graced that ivory brow ;  
Where smiled a *dimple*, gapes a *wrinkle* now :  
And e'en that pouting lip, where whilom grew  
The mellow peach-down, and the ruby's hue,  
No more can trance the ear with sweeter sounds,  
Than fairies warble on enchanted grounds !

Now, hapless nymph ! she wakes from dreams of bliss,  
The knee adoring, and the stolen kifs,  
And for the Persian worship of the eye,  
Meets the arch simper of the *mimic* sigh.  
Still she resolves her empire to regain,  
And rifles fashion, tortures art, to reign.



Oft at the ball, she flaunts, in flowers so gay,  
She seems DECEMBER in the robes of MAY;  
And oft, more coy, coquettes, behind her fan,  
That odious monster—dear, sweet creature, Man!

At length, grown ugly, past the aid of gold;  
And, spite of essences and *rouge*, grown old;  
Each softer passion yields to pride's control,  
And four misanthropy usurps her soul.  
Now, first on Man, the spleeny gossip rails,  
Arraigns his justice, and his taste assails;  
Till, as her *tea's* exhausted fragrance flies,  
Her wit evaporates—her scandal dies.  
Yet still invidious of the art to bless,  
She blasts the joys, she lingers to possess;  
And, while on HYMEN's bridal rites she sneers,  
Her pillow trickles with repentant tears.  
While thus, to all her sex's pleasures dead,  
She vents her rage on ADAM's guilty head,

Who rather chose, than lose his *rib* for life,  
To have the *crooked member* made a WIFE;  
From waking wo to vision'd bliss she flies,  
And dreams of raptures, which her fate denies.  
The tender flame, which warm'd her youthful mind,  
By AFFECTATION's mawkish rules confin'd,  
Though quench'd its heat, illumines with many a ray,  
The tedious evening of her fading day;  
And though unknown, unnotic'd, and unblest,  
Still furs th' IMPASSIVE WINTER of her breast.

Next comes the MISER—palsied, jealous, lean,  
He looks the very SKELETON OF SPLEEN!  
Mid forests drear, he haunts, in spectred gloom,  
Some desert abbey, or some druid's tomb;  
Where, hers'd in earth, his occult riches lay,  
Fleeced from the world, and buried from the day.  
With crutch in hand, he points his mineral rod,  
Limps to the spot, and turns the well-known sod;



While there, involv'd in night, he counts his store,  
By the soft tinklings of the golden ore,  
He shakes with terror, lest the moon should spy,  
And the breeze whisper, where his treasures lie.

This wretch, who, *dying*, would not take one pill,  
If, *living*, he must pay a doctor's bill,  
Still clings to life, of every joy bereft;  
*His God is gold, and his Religion theft!*  
And, as of yore, when modern vice was strange,  
Could *leathern* money current pass on 'Change,  
His reptile soul, whose reasoning powers are pent  
Within the *logic* bounds of CENT PER CENT,  
Would sooner *coin his ears*, than stocks should fall,  
And cheat the pill'ry, than not cheat at all!

To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,  
The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep of morn ;

And while the fluid gold his eye furveys,  
The hoary GLACIERS fling their diamond blaze ;  
GENEVA's broad lake rushes from its shores,  
ARVE gently murmurs, and the rough RHONE roars.  
Mid the cleft ALPS, his cabin peers from high,  
Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.  
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,  
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.  
While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,  
Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies ;  
While, far above, from battlements of snow,  
Loud torrents tumble on the world below ;  
On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,  
Than the lark warbles on the "*Ides of June.*"  
Far off, let Glory's *clarion* shrilly swell ;  
*He* loves the music of his *pipe* as well.  
Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,  
And PRIDE her tessellated pavement tread ;  
More happy far, this denizen of air  
Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare :—



His days are jocund, undisturb'd his nights ;  
His *spouse* contents him, and his *mule* delights !

All hail, sweet POESY ! transcendent maid !  
To whom my fond youth's earliest vows were paid ;  
Who, drest in sapphire robes, with eye of fire,  
Didst first my unambitious rhyme inspire ;  
Lur'd by whose charms, I left, in passion'd hope,  
My WATTS's *Logic* for the page of POPE ;  
If e'er regardful of thy wilder'd sons,  
For whom so gingerly life's current runs ;  
Who, like the slaves, beneath the iron sway  
Of curs'd MEZENTIUS, lingering loath the day—  
Doom'd, horrid fate ! the *living* MUSE to see,  
Bound to the mouldering *corpse* of PENURY ; <sup>(6)</sup>  
Descend, like JOVE, suffus'd in *golden* shower,  
And on our garret-roofs the *rain-drops* pour !  
But if the current of CASTALIA's waves  
No *Wicklow* mine, no *Georgian* acre, laves ;

If still bleak Want must chill thy votaries' fire—  
Their taste extinguish, and take back thy lyre.

Where you send genius, send a fortune too ;  
Dunces by *instinct* thrive—AS OYSTERS WOO !  
For ne'er were veins of ore by chymist found,  
Except, like *Hebrew roots*, in BARREN GROUND ! (7)

Each scribbling wight, who pens a birth-day card,  
Was born, as *grannams* say, to be a BARD !  
Which is, in *prose*, if rightly understood,  
To chum with *spiders*, and catch *flies* for food.

In youth's gay flush, when first the sportive MUSE  
Each bright *ephemera* of the brain pursues ;  
Ere sober'd FANCY, touch'd by REASON's ray,  
Sees all her *frost-work castles* melt away ;



Were, then, th' enthusiast bard, like MOSES, led  
To PISGAH's top, and life in vision spread—  
There, while he blest'd the promis'd land, were told,  
The CANAAN—he must ne'er possess—was GOLD ;  
How *many* minstrels of the classic lay  
Had left the APPIAN, for the INDIAN, WAY !  
How *few* would lumber, negligent of pelf,  
The printer's GARRET, or the grocer's SHELF !

Fame, that bright phantom, flitting, vain, and coy,  
Is all the meed, which poets e'er enjoy—  
Nor e'en her fickle, short embrace possess,  
Till all her charms have lost the power to bless.

Heroes and bards, who nobler flights have won,  
Than CESAR's *eagles*, or the MANTUAN *swan*,  
From eldest era, share the common doom—  
*The sun of GLORY shines but on the tomb.*

Firm, as the MEDE, the stern decree subdues  
The brightest pageant of the proudest Muse.  
Man's noblest powers could ne'er the law revoke,  
Though HANDEL harmoniz'd what CHATHAM spoke ;  
Though tuneful MORTON's magic genius graced  
The *Hyblean* melody of MERRY's taste ! (8)

TIME, the stern censor, talisman of fame,  
With rigid justice, portions praise and shame :  
And, while his laurels, rear'd where genius grew,  
Mid wide OBLIVION's *lava* bloom anew ; (9)  
Oft will his *chymic fire*, in distant age,  
Elicit spots, unseen on ancient page.

So the fam'd sage, who plung'd in ETNA's flame,  
Mid pagan deities enshrin'd his name ;  
Till from the iliac mountain's *crater* thrown,  
The Martyr's *sandal* cost the God his *crown*. (10)



So too ITALIA's victor paus'd, of late,  
While the red war beleaguer'd MANTUA's gate,  
And bade his myrmidons the village spare,  
Where VIRGIL first inhal'd his natal air. (11)

While thus of chequer'd life our motley lay  
Has sketch'd a various, though a crude survey,  
Say, shall COLUMBIA's sons the theme prolong?—  
*Their* "RULING PASSION" claims our *noblest* song.

Theirs is the pride, bequeath'd by glorious fires,  
To guard their *Lares*, and protect their *fires*;  
To rear a race, enlightened, brave and free,  
Heirs of the soil, and tenants of the sea;  
Whose breasts the *Union* shield—its laws revere,  
As country sacred, and as freedom dear.

Long as our hardy yeomanry command  
The rich *fee-simple* of their native land ;  
While, mid the labors of the ripening plain,  
They form the phalanx, and the courser train ;  
While, in our martial school, are chiefs enroll'd,  
As LINCOLN prudent, and as PUTNAM bold ;  
While, CATILINE expell'd, our senate prize  
Hearts, just as RUSSELL'S—heads, as BOWDOIN'S, wife ;  
While guides our realm a PATRIOT SAGE, who first,  
When power's *volcano* o'er our nation burst,  
Unaw'd, like PLINY, saw the flame aspire,  
And cities sink in cataracts of fire ;  
Undaunted heard the rocking of the spheres,  
While all VESUVIUS thundered in his ears :—<sup>(12)</sup>  
No longer dread COLUMBIA'S gallant host  
The fierce invader, lowering on their coast ;  
Nor wiles of traitors, nor corruption's power ;  
Nor BLOUNT'S conspiracy, nor RANDOLPH'S "*flour!*"



Of late, in GORGON's hall, from ANARCH's tub,  
What rhetoric grac'd the orgies of the Club !  
But now, an injur'd People, wiser grown,  
Taught dear experience, by the wrongs they've known,  
This maxim hold—which much fine spouting saves—  
*Ex-clusive* PATRIOTS *are* *con-clusive* KNAVES !

Stern power of justice, whose uplifted hand  
Would sweep from earth SEDITION's wayward band ;  
Scourg'd by their crimes, redeem the scatter'd host,  
Nor let the *remnant* of her tribe be lost ;—  
With arm relenting, to their morbid gaze  
The *mystic serpent* of thy mercy raise :  
The sins of FACTION, now deceas'd, forgive,  
While her ~~repenting~~ sons LOOK UP AND LIVE !

From foreign feud, and civil discord free,  
As is COLUMBIA, may she ever be !  
May EUROPE's storms ne'er damp the generous flame,  
Which warms each bosom for his country's fame !

Long roll between our shores th' Atlantic tide ;—  
Wide as our hemispheres, our laws divide !  
And should some *Earthquake*, with more powerful vent,  
Than that, which DOVER's cliffs from CALAIS rent,  
With prison'd force insurging NEPTUNE's reign,  
Convulse the deep foundations of the main,  
Till BOTH THE CONTINENTS, in Nature's fright,  
Cleft from their bases, totter to unite ;  
May FATE the closing empires intervene,  
And raise, when *Ocean* sinks, an *Alps* between !

In realms, where LAW and LIBERTY unite,  
In the broad charter of co-equal right,  
Where public WILL invests the civil sway,  
Where those, who govern, must in turn obey ;  
From PARTY's *chrysalis*, unseen to rise,  
The buzzing *beetle* of AMBITION flies.  
What time, those fiends accurs'd no longer draw  
The People's sanction from the People's law ;



What time, the choral hymn of UNION flows,  
And CONCORD's temple hears a nation's vows ;  
When every sect supports, with patriot zeal,  
One *universal creed*—THE PUBLIC WEAL :—  
Then, *blest* COLUMBIA ! shall thy spotless fame  
Shine, like the *vestal lamp's* perennial flame !  
Then shall thy *Car* disperse—thy *Trident* awe  
The hovering hordes of predatory war ;  
Thy neutral flag protect its wealthy sail,  
Freight every tide, and charter every gale ;  
The deep PATOWMAC's sea-like breast sustain  
The keels of fleets, the commerce of the main :—  
And, while their giant shades project from high,  
The walls of WASHINGTON shall lift the sky ;  
And see, expanding round thy *Civic Dome*,  
The *bay* of NAPLES, and the *towers* of ROME !

When Asian kingdoms, whelm'd in moral guilt,  
By terror govern'd, as on rapine built,

Like lost PALMYRA, only shall be known,  
By sculptur'd fragments of Colossal stone ;—  
When THOU—as musing TULLY paus'd and wept,  
Where *Syracuse* and *Archimèdes* slept—  
With solemn sorrow and with pilgrim feet,  
Shalt trace the shades of VERNON's still retreat,  
And, as the votive marble's faithful page  
Inscribes to fame the Saviour of his age,  
Shalt dew the *knee-worn turf*, with streaming eyes,  
Where, urn'd in dust, the mighty FABIVS lies :  
Thy realm, maturing mid the feathery flight  
Of ages, trackless as the plumes of light,  
In vigorous youth, the vital power shall prove  
OF PRIVATE VIRTUE RIPENING PUBLIC LOVE ;  
Which, ÆGIS-like, shall more thy foes appal,  
Than CHINA's fence, or ALBION's floating wall ;  
Shall bid thy empire flourish and endure,  
Thy people happy, and thy laws secure ;  
Thy PHENIX-GLORY renovate its prime,  
Extend with Ocean, and exist with Time.





## N O T E S.

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### NOTE FIRST. PAGE 5.

*That little world, that greater wonder, MAN.*

SO intimate is the analogy between the physical and moral kingdoms, that *Man* is not unfrequently styled a *microcosm*. To define every feature of the resemblance would fill volumes; and were the natural history of this "*Biped without feathers*," in all his affections, seasons, and properties, written with the greatest perspicacity, it would demand more talent and labor, than the philosophical or botanical researches of a LINNÆUS, or a DARWIN.

### NOTE SECOND. PAGE 6.

*Than JOVE, in OVID's "Green Room" of the Gods!*

THERE is a magazine of theatrical biography published annually in London, called "*The Green-Room*;" which is not only replete with sketches of the *dramatic* characters of the actors and actresses, but is *sometimes* enlivened with the tender anecdote of private amour.

OVID, who "*took a peep behind the curtain*" of OLYMPUS, has PASQUIN-ized the intrigues of JUPITER'S court in the same figurative style of elegant "*tete à tete*!"

### NOTE THIRD. PAGE 7.

*A motley PANTHEON of birds and beasts!*

THE Egyptian mythology was so heterogeneous and absurd, that, not confined to the extensive regions of animated nature, that hieroglyphical nation stupidly descended to the vegetable world, to fill the niches of their

temples.—“ *In EGYPT,*” says a learned writer, “ *it was more difficult to find a MAN, than a GOD.*”

NOTE FOURTH. PAGE 10.

—————*o’erflowing, yet not full.*

A PARODY on part of the last line in the following passage of DENHAM’S “*Cooper’s Hill.*”

Though deep, yet clear ; tho’ gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong, without rage ;—*without o’erflowing, full.*

NOTE FIFTH. PAGE 10.

*Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short*

*Were ÆSOP’S legs,—how large was TULLY’S wart !*

ÆSOP, the Phrygian, the most celebrated fabulist of antiquity, was not only disfigured in his *legs*, but was deformed in almost every other part of his body.

MARCUS TULLIUS *Cicero*, the father of Roman oratory, is said to have received his *last* appellation, from an uncommon excrescence on his cheek, resembling a *Cicer*, or *vetch*.

NOTE SIXTH. PAGE 19.

*Bound to the mouldering corpse of PENURY !*

MEZENTIUS, a prince of the *Tyrrhenes*, a contemner of the Gods, was the inventor of the savage punishment of binding the devoted offender to the putrescent body of some former victim, sacrificed to his barbarity.

NOTE SEVENTH. PAGE 20.

*For ne’er were veins of ore by chymist found,*

*Except, like Hebrew-roots, in BARREN GROUND.*

THOSE spots of earth, which are impregnated by mineral *strata*, are generally distinguished by the desolate aridity of their surface, which is totally insufficient to support the vegetation even of graminous productions.



NOTE EIGHTH. PAGE 22.

*Though tuneful MORTON's magic genius graced  
The Hyblean melody of MERRY's taste.*

ROBERT MERRY, esquire, the only pupil in the school of COLLINS, who possesses the genius of his master, is the author of those elegant poems in the *British Album*, signed DELLA CRUSCA—of *Paulina*—the *Pains of Memory*, and several dramatic pieces. In the summer of 1791, he married Miss BRUNTON, a celebrated actress in *Covent-Garden* theatre, and no less admired for her pre-eminent talents as a daughter of the BUSKIN, than esteemed as a woman of unblemished principles, and polished accomplishments.

MRS. MORTON, of *Boston*, may, without hesitation, be announced the American SAPPHO. We are happy to hear that she is now preparing for publication her "BEACON HILL," an heroic poem, in five books; which, we presume, will do honor to the country, that gave it birth, and induce the candid editors of the *English Reviews* to appreciate their estimation of cis-atlantic genius.

NOTE NINTH. PAGE 22.

*Mid wide OBLIVION's lava bloom anew.*

IT is a fact, that, in countries, subject to volcanic inundation, the subsid-ing lava super-induces a fertility of soil, not to be equalled by the most exuberant luxuriance of the tropical climates.

NOTE TENTH. PAGE 22.

*The Martyr's sandal cost the God his crown.*

EMPEDOCLES is recorded, in fabulous history, to have leaped into the flames of *Ætna*, to obtain, in the dark ages of paganism, an *apotheosis* for his memory;—but the brass *slipper*, which he had worn during his hermit-

age in a cave of the mountain, was soon after thrown up by the volcano, and exposed the impostor to the world.

NOTE ELEVENTH. PAGE 23.

*Where VIRGIL first inbal'd his natal air.*

THIS event, so honorary to the character of BUONAPARTE, took place soon after the capitulation of *Mantua*. The village, which boasts the nativity of this immortal bard, lies in the suburbs of that city.

NOTE TWELFTH. PAGE 24.

*While all VESUVIUS thundered in his ears.*

THE first eruption of this mountain happened in the 79th year of the Christian era. PLINY, the elder, a man no less renowned for forensic than military powers, was at that time commander of a fleet in the bay of *Misenum*. Unintimidated by this terrible phenomenon, he hastened with his ships to the relief of the nobility and peasants, whose villas and farms had been ingulphed in the flames. In this benevolent and heroic attempt, he died by suffocation. This eruption destroyed the cities of *Herculaneum*, and *Pompeii*. To support the poetic allusion, it may be necessary to add, that the burning of the towns of *Charlestown* and *Fairfield*, in the late revolutionary war, affords but too prominent a trait in the similitude.





